THE

Taming of the Shrew

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.

ILe pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rog
Looke in the Chronicles, wee came in with *Ric*
Conqueror: therefore *Pancas pallabris*, let the world slide: S

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: goe by *Ieronimie*, goe to thy
bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must goe fetch the Head-boro

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere hi
Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come and kindly.

Falles aslee

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imbost.
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good,
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunts. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meerest losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the dogge.

Lord. Thou art a foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,